

# CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

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## THE VISIBLE AND INVISIBLE GLORY OF THIS WORLD

ALL too easy it is in this world of sound and fury to miss the still small voice, but it must have come to some the other morning when, buried among the news of a violent world, were two things which came oddly together, a list of buildings and the announcement of a list of books. A small thing perhaps in these momentous days, and yet an echo of the still small voice that goes on calling when the tumult and the shouting dies.

For the historian the coming together of these two items is surely of much significance, for they are symbolical of the visible and the invisible glory of England. One was a list of great buildings that have been damaged in a thousand hours; the other was the appearance of a list of books that have been written in a thousand years.

### It is Nothing to Them

Ever since consciousness dawned in man he has been seeking to express himself and his ideas. He fashioned clay into all sorts of shapes. He made pictures on the walls of caves. He wrote words on bricks of clay or on sheets of papyrus. Out of all this, out of man's wish to leave some mark upon the world, has come all that makes life worth living—all those matchless treasures of art that make the world so glorious a place to travel in, and all that imperishable literature that enchants the mind.

It is perhaps the most terrible fact in history that the greatest nation in Europe has become bereft of its senses and set out to destroy all this. They are willing to be slaves in the hand of the destroyer and to bring to naught the noblest achievements of mankind. They found Europe the home of free peoples living in cities built by the genius of their race; they have made of it a barren wilderness, and day by day and night by night they seek to destroy this land of ours, the rarest and fairest little land on earth, with ten thousand towns, cities, and villages having something noble, historic, ancient, beautiful, or of good report.

The spirit of hate that possesses them will shatter a poor man's home or a cathedral, a library of precious books or a house of charity. It is nothing to them that somewhere in St Paul's lies the dust of Van Dyck, master of man's visible genius, and the dust of Philip Sidney, master of man's invisible spirit; to the brute all this is dead.

### The Stones of Cripplegate

They drop their bombs from the sky to fall as they will—on Canterbury Cathedral, so glorious and so old; on Liverpool Cathedral, rising in majesty; on Westminster Abbey, the shrine of our race; on the British Museum, housing the treasure of the world; on the Tower and Westminster Hall, built by the Conqueror and his son; on the Wallace Collection, the loveliest little gallery in London; on Middle Temple Hall, where Queen Elizabeth danced on the floor and Shakespeare acted on the stage, and there was heard for the first time that matchless little speech of Viola in Twelfth Night, "Make me a willow cabin at your gate."

It is nothing to the Nazi mind that these things are a part of us and have done no harm to any man, but have added only to the glory of the world; let them be smashed to bits. It is nothing to these



The Medieval Walls of England's Eternal City, York

pagans that our churches have been the sacred haunts of our great and common folk for centuries; how are they to understand the stones of St Giles's that speak in Cripplegate?

Here one drab November day they laid to rest a blind old man in grey, long familiar in the streets about; he was John Milton. Here one summer's day came a young man from the country with a merchant's daughter for his bride; his name, which was to ring round the world with that of the blind old man, was Oliver Cromwell. Long before these they brought to this place all that was left of old Martin Frobisher, who helped to shatter the Armada and explored the North-West Passage. Yet it is nothing to them except a target for a bomb; they fling down Milton's statue by his grave, unmoved to see him standing there as if to

*assert Eternal Providence  
And justify the ways of God to man.*

THEY are no more to Nazis than to dogs, these temples of the race that made men free. Night by night our sacred walls come clattering down, and the bitterness is almost too great to bear. Yet it is good to remember that the spirit enshrined in these places is greater than buildings, greater than life itself, and will go on when all the buildings on the earth are dust.

### Our Hitler Long Ago

We love to see the monuments that men have made, the outward emblem of their immortality; but wind and rain and the violent hand of man have destroyed these things before. We had a king of England who destroyed a thousand buildings in his wrath. He was Henry, the Eighth with his creature Thomas Cromwell (not Oliver). What the Nazis have done to our great buildings is as nothing compared with the havoc wrought by this king and his creature; over 600 monasteries with all their buildings were destroyed, and the destruction was not less wanton then than now. There was a church in Sussex 420 feet long with pillars 40 feet round, and Thomas Cromwell

### THE LAW OF LIFE & THE LAW OF DEATH

TWO opposing laws seem to me to be in contest—the one a law of blood and death, forcing the nations to be always ready for battle; the other a law of peace, work, and health, whose only aim is to deliver man from the calamities which beset him. The one seeks violent conquests; the other the relief of mankind. The one places a single life above all victories; the other sacrifices hundreds of thousands of lives to the ambition of a single individual. Which law will prevail God only knows. Pasteur

was so delighted to destroy it that he went down to see it fall. They spent three days in trenching round it, underpinning it, cutting through the walls, and then setting the supports on fire so that the vast church came crashing to the ground.

We too have had our Hitlers and recovered from them; but in the twentieth century we are seeing the madness of a nation returning to medieval barbarism, and it is a solemn warning lest we build up civilisation skin-deep.

### The World's Noblest Books

IT is the invisible things that the Nazis do not possess and cannot destroy. What is this other list of things that we are thinking of? It is a great work in four volumes which for the first time puts on record in convenient form every book entitled to count as English literature. It is an idea that Cambridge University has carried out through its press, and it was surely an inspiration that issued it side by side with the list of bombed buildings. It is a wondrous thing that it should have been completed now after years of labour, for it is an impressive monument of the English spirit.

Our literature is the noblest in the world. It is the thread that binds the human spirit from age to age. We hear voices talk of the future with misgiving because two brutish men have harnessed their people to slavery and destruction, and in their madness would destroy our race and all its works; but it is possible for an Englishman in his cottage to have a few books and to know that as he reads them he is living the intellectual life of men and women in a thousand years to come.

NOTHING can destroy these books. It is the 500th anniversary of the inventing of printing by Gutenberg the German, and Germany has celebrated it by burning books and seeking to enchain the mind of man. But the 26 little wooden blocks of Gutenberg brought a power into the world compared with which a Nazi is a puny idiot. It has made men free and established a

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# The Citadel of the Spirit of Our Race

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spirit stronger than the elements, that will outlive the Alpine ranges crumbling day by day.

In the long romantic story of mankind is nothing to equal the wonder of a book. The things man makes are wonderful enough, his aeroplanes and battleships and submarines, but it is his spirit that creates them all, and reigns supreme. A book is the temple of the spirit, the shrine of man's longings and strivings. It is literature that keeps them alive from age to age and saves the dignity of man. Everything that he has thought and done and said and hoped for is here, all his failures and achievements, his dreams and their fulfilments, his triumphs and despairs, his perils and escapes.

## St Paul Was Right

It is good to remember that Paul was right; the things that are seen are temporal; the things that are unseen are eternal. It is the eternal spirit of our race that lives in literature, and only those who know it as a living thing can realise how true it is that the very soul of a nation is in its books. All may be destroyed, but these can never be, and while they live the nation lives. Not even Mussolini can destroy Horace and Virgil and Plutarch and Tacitus and Marcus Aurelius, nor can he destroy a race which for 2000 years has remembered these two lines:

*Go, tell the Spartans, thou that  
paskest by,  
That here, obedient to their laws,  
we lie.*

ÆSOP's little tales and the sayings of Epictetus are but the writings of two slaves, but they will live as long as freedom. Socrates, Plato, and Aristotle were but three men of Athens, but for 25 centuries they have affected the thought of all mankind, and our translations of them are one of the glories of our English literature. From the days of Caedmon and Alfred, king and stableman, our own books have come down to us, and they are without compare among those of any other land. We think of Caedmon singing of Creation on the hilltop

at Whitby, of Alfred seeking teachers to teach him to read and producing books for which there were very few readers. We think of the generations of monks in their cells who wrote out books by hand, illuminating them with marvellous patience so that their works are gems of art today. We think of Wycliffe dying with hardly one disciple left, yet leaving behind his English Bible to make his name immortal.

From then till now our literature has grown until it illumines the minds of men wherever the sun shines. We remember Shelley drowning with Sophocles in one pocket and Keats in another, Keats his Adonais, at whose death he wrote:

*He has outsoared the shadow of our  
night;  
Envy and calumny and hate and  
pain,  
And that unrest which men miscall  
delight,  
Can touch him not and torture  
not again.*

We remember Tennyson dying with Shakespeare open in his hands, open at Cymbeline, "Hang thee like fruit, my soul, till the tree die." We remember Sir Walter Raleigh's last verse, written in the Tower the night before he died:

*But from this grave, this earth,  
this dust,  
My God shall raise me up I trust.*

## The Citadel of Liberty

We remember Dr Wilson dying in his tent with Scott's arm round him and a New Testament in his pocket. We remember Abraham Lincoln, summoning his Cabinet in a dark hour, taking Shakespeare from his pocket and reading out to them:

*We are such stuff  
As dreams are made on, and our  
little life  
Is rounded with a sleep.*

So books weave themselves into the lives of men, into the destinies of nations. In them are the things we live for and fight for and die for. They are the citadel in which man has secured for ever the spirit of Liberty so that it shall not perish from the earth. Arthur Mee

## The Story of the Old Tin Box

AN astonishing story came to light in the Law Courts the other day.

A wood-turner and his wife had lived with their daughter until first the father and then the mother died. They had been thrifty working folk, and on the father's death the two women continued living in the house together. When the mother died the daughter was left alone and went out earning her living as an office-cleaner and a flower-seller.

Growing old, and unable to earn her living, she had to face the possibility of entering the poor-house. At first her church helped her, and then the curate, in talking the matter over, asked her if she

had no friends or papers. She had nothing, she said; there was no will when her father died—nothing except an old tin box he used to keep, but as it was locked at his death, and there was no key, they had never opened it. The curate had the tin box opened and it was found a collection of securities worth £20,000.

So Elizabeth the flower-seller and Caroline her married sister were rich for a quarter of a century without knowing it. Caroline died in 1937 and Elizabeth in 1939, a year after the box was opened. In her will she left her fortune to Caroline's three children, who have now been declared to be the rightful owners of the long lost wealth.

As there is much difficulty in getting meat for dogs in some places, the Canine Defence League will send a list of suppliers on receipt of a stamp at Victoria Station House, London, S.W.1.

## Little News Reels

Northern Ireland has lost its first Prime Minister by the death of Lord Craigavon, and the new Premier is Mr J. M. Andrews.

*A convict has sent ten shillings to help on the War.*

The chairs used by holiday makers on Margate promenade are now being used in London shelters.

There were 18,000 applicants for 300 vacancies in the Indian Air Force not long ago.

Sixty thousand Indian troops are serving in Malaya, Aden, and the Middle East.

*There are about 40,000 items in the equipment of a modern army, and of these India is now producing one half.*

Every British colony is doing its utmost for the war, and over £17,000,000 has been received in colonial contributions.

A little old lady of Saskatchewan, aged 102, has just finished her 102nd pair of socks for the troops.

*Of Canada's £8,000,000 fish harvest last year one-seventh came from inland waters.*

Manchester's balloon barrage crews get their dinners hot from a cookhouse four miles away, delivered by bicycle in a haybox.

*London courts are dealing with 1000 cases a week of people who do not screen their lights properly.*

Suffolk fishermen at Aldeburgh are landing record catches of sprats; boats have been in danger of becoming swamped by the weight of the fish.

Colonel Benjamin Davis is a proud man today, for he has just been made the first Negro General in the United States Army.

*Old Gold Day in Bermuda brought in many wedding-rings and other jewels worth £180 towards a Spitfire.*

Manchester Corporation workmen are fixing 10,000 yards of material to 2700 windows in the Town Hall.

## Scout News Reel

Some Scouts who have done regular First Aid and Orderly duty in a certain hospital have become so efficient that they are allowed to go out on the public ambulances to bring in street accidents and give First Aid where required.

Scouts of Vancouver have prepared maps of 50 sections of their district so that any A.R.P. man can familiarise himself with all streets and short-cuts to schools, hospitals, and other places.

*The 3rd Hillingdon Sea Scout hut was recently launched by breaking on the doorstep a bottle labelled Scout Spirit; we have no doubt it had in it good water, the drink of lions.*

Bombay recently had an unexpected practice air raid signal, but the Scouts were not caught napping; 32 of the 40 cyclist Scouts due for duty reported within 20 minutes, and at one Post the Scouts arrived within seven minutes.

## THINGS SEEN

Cardboard model of the Maginot Line in a shop window—price reduced.

Estate agent's sign on a bombed shop: *Premises would be divided.*

Roses, sweet peas, marigolds, and delphiniums, in a garden in Perthshire, with snow on the mountains.

## Mussolini, What Now?

THERE is no greater braggart in the world than Signor Mussolini.

Lining himself up with his master, Hitler, he has tried to go one better, for he has even armed little boys with bayonets, and it has been his delight to see them parading Rome in a guise which would have been the laughing stock of that great city in its nobler days. If we consider men, it was always his boast that he could bring eight million bayonets against a foe, and be ready to do so any time.

## The Traveller's Paradise

Having no enemy, he has made one of the British nation which helped to set Italy free before Mussolini was born. For a thousand years we had never fought against Italy until Mussolini bragged that he would smash the British Empire. The Italian people have nothing but admiration and good will for the country which has always been its friend, and for the race which has delighted to travel through Italy's fair cities. Rome, Florence, Pisa, Venice, Assisi, Naples—they are the traveller's paradise, and Englishmen have made them so.

But it has suited the blacksmith's son to change all this. He would be a Julius Caesar, and the British Empire is in his way. This loud-voiced man, shouting from his window in the Palazzo Venezia, has been one of the ridiculous sights of our time, for his empire is one of fine words and petty deeds. Having overcome the Abyssinians by poison gas and celebrated a Roman Good Friday by stealing Albania he entered the war at the moment of the collapse of France, creeping in at the back door when it seemed safe enough. "Come in with your fleet," we can hear Hitler saying, "and with the French fleet we will drive the British out of the Mediterranean." But the French fleet was stricken by a greater fleet. The Italian battle fleet has not dared to leave its harbours and has been sorely stricken while hiding there, and now there has befallen the junior partner of the Axis a catastrophe which has made him the contempt and scorn of the world.

## Challenge to Greece

His master, Hitler, having trampled down country after country, Mussolini must try his hand at the game of conquest. If he could bring down Abyssinia and Albania, why not Greece? He ordered Greece to surrender naval bases by three o'clock in the morning and prepared for his Foreign Minister to make a

triumphal entry. But the Greeks are made of sterner stuff. They replied to the Bully with his own metal, and in three weeks had driven the invading armies out of the mountains and were chasing them in Albania with the cheering Albanians looking on.

Mussolini aping Hitler has not quite worked out to scale. The little nation of six millions has driven back Mussolini's troops with 44 millions behind them, has captured their arms and tanks, and made them a byword among men. There has been no braver spectacle since Thermopylae.

We can almost imagine what the King of Italy must have said to Mussolini of late. When he picked up the king's handkerchief and begged that he might keep it as a souvenir, Mussolini had the surprise of his life on hearing the king say: "No; it is the only thing you have left me to put my nose into." We may be sure the King of the Italian people has now been asking Mussolini why he put his nose into this war, being only a bully and a clown and not a Roman Caesar.

## The Clarion of Freedom

We shall see what we shall see. Though he may recover from this reeling blow, Mussolini will never recover from the world's contempt, and he will burst like a blown-up bladder one fine day.

As for Greece, it has been a name resounding through the world for centuries and millenniums, and it is like a trumpet still sounding the clarion of freedom so triumphantly that it must be heard not only in the mountains of Albania but in the streets of Rome, on the Quirinal, and in the corridors of the Vatican.

## THE FROG THAT BURST

By a Little Greek Slave

An ox grazing in a meadow chanced to tread on a frog and trample it to death, and the rest informed the mother that the beast which did it was the hugest creature they ever saw.

Was it so big? asked the old frog, swelling and blowing herself up. Oh, much bigger, was the answer. So big? said she, straining and puffing herself out. Bigger and bigger, said they—indeed, mamma, if you were to burst yourself, you would never be so big. But the old frog strove again, and burst herself indeed.

Moral: How many vain people burst and come to nothing!

## Cruelty to Pigs

*We have received this note from the headmaster of one of our public schools, among many others from C.N. readers who have written to their M.Ps.*

I am very pleased to see your article on Cruelty to Cheap Today. I was in a cathedral town in the holidays, and was disgusted to see the way pigs are treated in the market there, and also revolted by the way the man who was cutting the pigs' ears apparently enjoyed doing such a thing. Another thing which was most disgusting was that it was done in public with children looking on. I am writing to our M.P.

## The Three Holly Trees

We hear of a garden at Charing in Kent which has three holly trees bearing heavy crops of berries. They never fail, and all three trees are a lovely sight today—or were until the birds stripped one of them before November was out. Every year the fate of these trees is the same—one loses it berries by the end of November, the second loses them only after at least a week of hard frost, and the third tree is never robbed of its berries in any case.

It is a curious story. What do the birds know about the third tree?



## THE FIDDLERS AND THE SOLDIERS

WHO does not like the story of the two famous sisters whose music has so often delighted us, Jelly d'Aranyi and Adila Fachiri? They were on their way one night to a concert when the warning went and the train was held up. In the compartment were two soldiers, and a talk about music began, one of the soldiers being very scornful of great composers.

But, asked the sisters, did the soldiers know what they were missing? Would they listen to a little good music and see what it really was like?

Yes, they would; whereupon the sisters took their fiddles out of the cases and in the darkness of the train played Liszt's Liebestraum and Mendelssohn's Wings of Song. Surely it was one of the strangest recitals ever heard, for who could tell what might happen to the train with a warning on? It is the perfect finish to a charming story to record that two delighted soldiers agreed they had been missing much by believing all good music to be dull.

## THE NATION'S POSTBAG

Now that five letters cost us more than a shilling it is interesting to note the effect on correspondence. It is clear that most of us are cutting down our letters, for mails in September were a third less than in September 1939.

But the Chancellor of the Exchequer can rejoice, for the smaller post brought in £167,873 compared with £137,881 in September last year.

## CIRCUS DAYS AGAIN

In these days of war the joys of the circus are but a memory. But it is possible for girls and boys to recapture something of the happy spirit of the sawdust ring in The Big-Top Circus Annual. This book, which costs five shillings, is packed with exciting stories and pictures showing the thrills, fun, and splendour of the circus ring.

## THREE SCOUTS AND A SIREN

From a northern centre comes the story of three small Scouts serving refreshments at a Scout dance. They were serving when the siren sounded.

"Hurry up with the coffee," said one; "it will help to keep 'em calm."

"And the ice-cream will make 'em cool," said the second.

"And, Bill, if you collect the cups and make a row about it that will make us cool, calm, and collected, and keep everyone's mind off the raid," added the Leader.

## THE BLIND HELPS THE BLIND

Sir Beachcroft Towse, the 76-year-old blind V.C., has lent his home at Goring-on-Thames for civilians who have lost their sight in air raids. There they will be looked after by him, aided by the National Institute for the Blind, the cost being partly met by a gift of £10,000 from Lord Nuffield.

## There is No Pause in Prayer and Praise

OF the many splendid things done in Coventry to repair the ravages, no triumph of the spirit has more impressed observers than the quiet little services conducted in the Provost's drawing-room. Here worshippers have met for Communion and other services so that the traditions of the old cathedral may be carried on.

Once upon a time the claims of the Church of England to continued existence hung on support still more slender and remote. It was in the time of the Commonwealth, when the Anglican Church ceased to function. Yet it had not quite ceased to be. There was in Paris

Sir Richard Browne, who, English ambassador under Charles Stuart, remained there representing the Stuarts during the Commonwealth, and at the chapel he had built joining his great house service was regularly conducted according to the rites of the Church of England.

When opponents of that system of worship scoffed and declared that the Church no longer remained in being, he would point to his chapel with its congregation of exiled bishops and other divines and say, "Here is evidence of the visible existence of the Church of England," and posterity has never refuted his claim.

## WE DELIVER THE GOODS

*From Los Angeles in America comes this tribute to industrial England.*

Last year among American buyers of English woollens there was considerable doubt as to their ability to complete delivery. Many firms decided not to place orders. I was among the few who preferred to take a chance, and England did not let me down.

All the fabrics arrived in time. The suits are here. The cloths are no higher in price than a year ago, and the colours and designs are more beautiful than ever.

My hat is off to the stout fellows at the English looms.

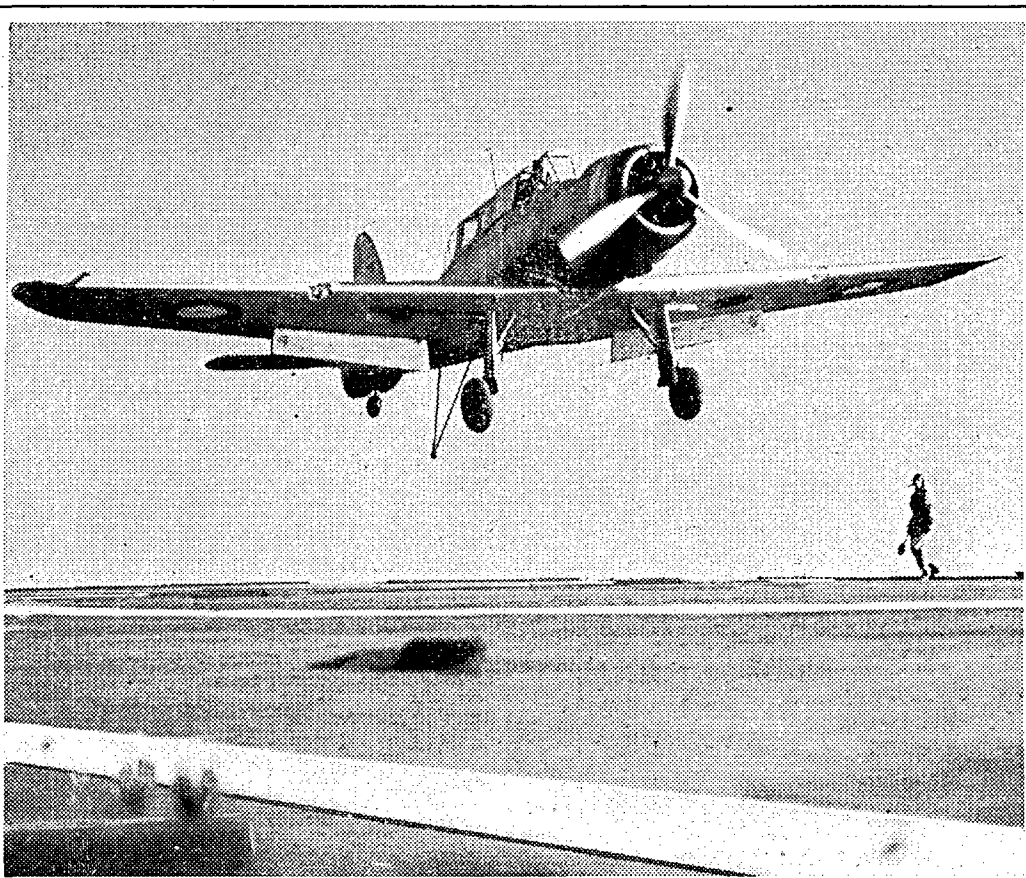
## THE SUN WILL MAKE OUR ICE

"TILL the sun grows cold and the stars are old," the poet sings, and though the sun is not yet cold it is likely to be used very soon for keeping things cold.

One of the useful things that has been going on in Leningrad of late is an experiment to utilise the sun's energy for refrigeration purposes.

There have been many attempts to heat a boiler by the sun's rays and to operate a low temperature steam-engine, but they have not been particularly successful. A Leningrad institute has, however, been carrying on refrigeration experiments for years, and quite recently success has been achieved with the sun itself, and a special freezing machine has been built which looks really practical.

Using a surface exposed to the sun's rays of only one and a quarter square yards, nearly 14 pounds of ice can be made in a day. The experiments have proved that in Moscow and Central Asia the sun can be used to make ice in this way.



**The Eyes of the Navy**

A Blackburn Skua of the Fleet Air Arm alighting on the deck of an aircraft-carrier

## A BOAT AND ITS STORY

The National Lifeboat Institution has taken over a French lifeboat.

At the end of June she escaped from France and arrived here with French refugees. Her coxswain and motor mechanic were in charge of her, and the mechanic had his wife and children with him. The boat has now been overhauled and will be used as a reserve. Her coxswain has already found work in England as a fisherman, and the boat will have an English crew, but the Lifeboat Institution has engaged the French mechanic to take charge of the engines.

## THE VISITOR

From Wilmington in America comes the story of the old lady who was recently expected to register as a foreigner. Smiling disarmingly, she said to an official: "Is there really any need for me to register, do you think?"

"Well," replied the official, "are you an American citizen?"

"Oh, no," was the reply. "I'm English, but I'm on holiday here; I came in 1884."

## AUSTRALIA'S NEW STAMP

Australia has issued a new series of stamps representing the fighting forces and the nursing service. There are four—penny, twopenny, threepenny, and sixpenny. Each stamp bears the same design—a sailor, soldier, and airman standing at attention in the centre, and at the top centre a picture of a nurse. At the sides are tall gum trees and tall buildings, signifying that Australia's fighting sons have come from the country and the city.

## THE SUBURBAN HIVE

It is surprising to learn that a beekeeper of Wood Green has this year harvested over 150 pounds of honey from a single hive in his garden. The honey was gathered over a period of 114 days.

## MORE CARE NEEDED IN THE FACTORIES

In the first six months of the war the number of fatal accidents in factories grew by nearly half as many again.

This will not do. It is the result of speeding-up which has not been sufficiently safeguarded. It is estimated by the Labour Ministry that about a quarter of the accidents are preventable by technical precautions such as guards to machinery. The remaining accidents are preventable only by personal care on the part of the workers themselves.

## The Jervis Bay in Peacetime

ALL the world has been stirred by the epic of the Jervis Bay, but how many people know what the ship was doing in peacetime?

She and her sister ships carried thousands of emigrants to Australia. On her decks stood men and women thrilled by a great enterprise as they left behind a land they loved and approached a land of new adventures and infinite possibilities.

Someone has been recalling a spring day in 1932 when the Jervis Bay sailed from these shores with 50 orphans, all bound for the Southern continent. A memorable day in the lives of those waifs

## SNAKE OR FASCIST?

At Wajir, on the Kenya border, when an Italian Caproni bomber arrived over their post, an officer and an African private dived for shelter only to find a snake inside. They looked at the snake and then at the sky, and decided to share the shelter with the snake. Who would not prefer a snake to a Fascist?

## BLACKOUT HOMEWORK

The Blackout has led many Education Committees to abolish afternoon classes to prevent children being caught in the streets by air raids. School is to be held from 9 to 1 o'clock, and children are asked to spend an hour or more at home in the afternoons on special homework. The Education Office should invite all Education Committees to adopt some such plan.

## STORY

Two boys were standing on a Kent hilltop looking across the valley at the bomb craters on the opposite hills. "What are all those holes?" one asked. "Oh, that is where the rainbow ends, and Hitler has been digging for gold," said the other.

## BOTTLE POST

Last August a little girl stood on the deck of a liner which was taking her to Canada.

She was nine-year-old Margaret Pinto, and was seen to be stuffing some paper into a bottle, which she then threw into the sea. It was a letter to her father in London.

Meanwhile Margaret settled down in Quebec. Imagine her surprise the other day when Daddy wrote and congratulated her on being such a good postmistress! He had received the bottle letter. A lobster fisherman on Prince Edward Island had found the bottle, opened it, and forwarded the note to him.

## BEWARE OF THE BEAVER

So busy chopping their winter store of wood for building material are the beavers of Bear Mountain Park in New York State that notices have been posted warning motorists of their work in felling trees right across the roadway.

It was when they sailed from Southampton, the ship's bugler playing Bring back my Bonny to me, only an hour or two before Old England disappeared from their eyes. Bound for the Fairbridge School in Western Australia, the orphans wore red caps and blue coats, and there can hardly have been one who was not stirred by hopes of new horizons.

It is sad to think that the ship which took so many to a new and wide life has now gone down, but good to remember that she went down with her flag flying and her name written in letters of gold on the page of history.



## THE EDITOR'S TABLE

John Carpenter House, London

above the hidden waters of the ancient River  
Fleet, the cradle of the journalism of the world.



### A WORD FOR MUSSOLINI!

EVEN Macchiavelli, the Italian writer who has always been regarded as the master of cheats and cynics, would be ashamed of Mussolini, for this is one of the things he wrote:

*It is not yet possible to call it a virtue to slaughter one's fellow citizens, to betray one's friends, to be without faith, without pity, without religion; by such methods power can be gained, but not glory.*

### The Fine Imagination of the Greeks

THERE is something to dazzle the imagination in the way the little Greek people have been standing up to the bullying Italians. It adds one more glowing page to the ancient tale of Greece.

We may remind ourselves that neither in the ancient nor in the modern world has the imagination of the Greek mind been surpassed. Its imagery is immortal. What an idea it was for Prometheus to steal fire from Heaven, for the flowers to quiver into bloom at the touch of the feet of Venus, for the sweet-singing sirens to entice the seafarers to destruction, for Pluto's helmet to give him invisibility, and for Atlas to bear on his shoulder the Vault of Heaven!

Perhaps some of our readers will think of other examples of imagination which have rarely been surpassed. We ourselves have always been interested in the idea of Alice swimming in the flood of her own tears.

We shall be willing to send half a guinea to the reader who sends us what we think the most striking piece of imagery of this kind in ancient or modern literature.

### BLACKOUT MOTTO

THAT light we see is burning  
in my hall.  
How far that little candle  
throws his beams.

Merchant of Venice

### JUST AN IDEA

*One good thing is coming out of the war—the need so many people have of your smiling face, your kindly help, and your understanding sympathy.*

### To Adolf Hitler

So in your frenzy you have chosen  
To obey the callous voice  
Of your friend and colleague  
Satan:  
What a choice!

Do you know that by so doing  
You have brought a world to  
tears,  
Scattered seeds of mad destruction,  
Crime and greed, and force and  
fears,  
Mutilated little children,  
Brought to ruins countless homes,  
Filled the air with hideous noises,  
Wild alarms and mournful drones?

You may flourish for the moment  
With your mad barbaric plot,  
But remember, God is watching;  
Soon will come His Hitler, stop!  
Egbert Sandford

### LIVES IMPERILLED BY RED TAPE

EVEN in these days 'it would seem that some of our Government Departments cannot disentangle themselves from their own red tape.

Sir Charles Igglesden writes from his Kent town of Ashford that the local authorities there, needing a shelter for a hospital with 200 beds, prepared plans and were ready to go ahead to give their patients security, but after three months they were still unable to obtain permission from the Ministry of Health to proceed with the work, while the patients and staff of the hospital are in peril.

It is an incredible story, and makes an Englishman ashamed.

### The Names in the Hat

AN old friend of the CN tells us of a remarkable coincidence occurring at a village gathering the other day. There had been a raffio for two separate pounds of sugar (in aid of wool for knitters), and our friend, whom we will call Mr A, was asked to draw the names from a hat in which were sixty or seventy slips. Lady B held the hat, while Mr A drew, and she read out the slips which he handed to her. On them were the names of Mr A and Lady B.

## THE OLD MONK WHO BELIEVED IN THE WORLD

A THOUSAND years ago a certain Father Theodosius put down on parchment his ideas about what would be the state of the world now. This parchment is in the library of the Franciscans at Ravenna.

The old monk wrote in 932 that many good Christians thought the world would come to a catastrophic end in the year 1000; but, he said, "God is too good to wipe out humanity like that."

Father Theodosius also wrote that the "frightful religion invented by Mohammed, along with the hideous book called the Koran, dictated by Satan himself, will disappear like dust before the wind."

He could not see much expansion of the habitable earth as he knew it. To the North there were impossible snows, to the South arid deserts, to the West a raging ocean, and to the East man never got farther than Alexander, whose soldiers had refused to march into the great unknown.

Still, said the old monk, order would be established everywhere in the world, thanks to the power of kings, who would be obeyed by their vassals, who would be obeyed by their servants. All the kings would obey the Pope, and so there would be only one faith and one rule on the earth.

Thanks to the men-at-arms of the lords it would be safe to travel along the highroads. One would be able to travel from Rome to Lyons in as short a time as three weeks.

As for science, there was going to be great progress. The old monk does not speak of magic, but of botany, zoology, and astrology. It is true that Thales had noticed that amber attracts small bodies near it when rubbed, but that was only a freak of Nature; there was, it would appear, nothing to be hoped from electricity.

Archytas of Tarentum had constructed a flying-machine, but it was madness, according to Theodosius, to think that man would ever rise into the air like the birds. Icarus had made that sad experiment—at the cost of his life.

As for medicine, the monks had already discovered plants whose healing virtues were far better than all the complicated prescriptions of physicians.

Above all, we might perhaps have books as beautiful as the works of St Gregory, St Augustine, and St Jerome. The popes, the bishops, and the monks would write incomparable books which would make men more pious and more learned.

This is what Theodosius thought 1000 years ago. Have we another Theodosius today to tell us what the world will be like in 1000 years to come?

## Leaders of the English THE KING AND



King George the Sixth

THE Republic and the Empire draw nearer together; it is good for us to know the differences between their systems of government.

America has 48 States, varying very much in climate, geographical position, and natural features. Federated for national purposes, each State remains as a separate nation, with its own governor and parliament. Each State has its own criminal and civil laws, which vary considerably between one State and another. In one State a workman is compensated by his employer if injured at his work, while in another State no such law exists. In some States working children are protected as in England, whereas in other States they are allowed to work too long.

### The Two Houses

The United States as a whole has a national or federal Parliament called Congress, divided into the Senate and the House of Representatives. Above both houses is the President. The President of the United States is really a king. He is elected every four years, and his election is separate from the elections of the members of Congress.

The President is entrusted with very great powers. He cannot initiate legislation or introduce a Bill into Congress, but his Messages to Congress have the nature of advices to Parliament that it should do certain things, and these messages are treated with great respect. On the negative side he has control of legislation, because he can say No to a measure after it has passed Congress.

In dealing with other nations the President has great power, and often uses it. The authority thus reposed in the Presidency gives the United States a great opportunity in foreign affairs.

But the American Constitution stops short of giving the President power to make treaties with foreign nations. He can negotiate a treaty but cannot sign it without the consent of the Senate.

So, at the end of the last war, President Wilson came to Europe and negotiated the Treaty of Versailles containing the Covenant setting up the League of Nations; he returned to the United States and sent the treaty to the Senate, but the Senate refused to ratify it. It was a

great blow for President Wilson, and the story illustrates at once the powers possessed by an American President and the limitation of those powers.

The President is elected by a body of Presidential Electors, who are elected by the 48 States, the number of them in each State being equal to the combined number of the State's representatives in the two houses of Congress. These Presidential Electors having been elected, they in their turn elect the President, who serves for four years. A president may be elected again, and in several cases this has led to a president retaining office for a double term. But Mr Roosevelt is the first man to hold office three times.

### Continuity of Policy

There are separate elections for the Senate and the House of Representatives. The Senate consists of 96 members, two from each State, the big States having no more representatives than the little ones. The Senators are elected for six years, but all the members are not elected at once. A third retire every two years, so that there are four old members to two new ones. The Senate is thus a continuous body refreshed by new members every two years. This valuable provision helps to give continuity of policy to the nation, and prevents sudden change. The Senators are popularly elected, but represent each State as a sovereign body.

Then there is the House of Representatives, the members of which are also elected by popular vote, the number of members for each State varying with its population; there are 435 members in all. The House of Representatives, the members of which are known as Congressmen, is elected as a whole every two years. The elections to Congress are concerned with, first, the elections by the American people of a new House of Representatives, and, second, the election by the American States of the one-third of new Senators to take the place of the retiring third.

### Lords and Commons

All this is very different from our own system, and the actual business of government differs even more. Our own Government is made up of men who are hereditary members of the House of Lords or elected members of the House of Commons. Each Minister is a member of one of the Houses of Parliament, and has to answer for himself in

## Prosperity Follows

THE Canadian National Committee on Refugees is aiming to establish skilled refugee workers in Canada in the same industries in which they were employed before they fled to that great country from German persecution.

With the tremendous development in materials during the last few years, and the industrial development forced on Canada by the war, there is room for many more people. Among the things to be manufactured in the Dominion by refugees are shoes, jewellery,

## Under the Editor's Table

FROST, says a gardener, is good for the garden. Cold comfort.

MEDALS are difficult to make. And difficult to win.

THE Greeks have always been great mathematicians. The Italians find them people to reckon with.

SAILORS make good farmers. Used to ploughing the seas.

NEWSPAPERS are urging the rebuilding of London. They will give it the support of their columns.

Peter Puck  
Wants  
To Know



If the backbone  
of the nation is  
now at the front

MANY famous people are unmusical. They have had no time for playing.

THE barrow-man is often seen in the West End. He has plenty of push.

IT is easy for young musicians to join a string orchestra. Especially if they know how to pull the strings.

THE average life of a telegraph pole is thirty years. Yet its time is always up.

MANY boys dislike wearing a new suit. Try to get out of it.



's Newspaper

December 7, 1940

# English-Speaking Race

## THE PRESIDENT

Parliament. He introduces legislation and describes and defends his methods. He is thus always open to personal attack, but has the privilege of personal defence. If things are going wrong the Minister concerned is questioned in Parliament and called upon to defend his acts; if he fails in his defence he has to resign, and often the whole Government has to resign with him, so that other Ministers can take office and try to do better.

### The Two Speakers

In America the President does not sit in Congress, so that, though he is really what we call Prime Minister, he cannot defend himself in Parliament. So with his Ministers. The President appoints them, but they do not sit in either House.

The actual business of Congress is carried on by committees, which are appointed to consider legislation, whether started by the Government or by private members. As in our own case, many Bills are introduced but few are passed. The place of the British Prime Minister as expounder and defender of the Government's work is taken in America by the Speaker of the House of Representatives. This seems strange to us, for in the British House of Commons the Speaker is non-party and his business is confined to keeping order and seeing that the dignity of Parliament is upheld. Nothing could be more different than the functions of the American Speaker and those of the British Speaker. The American Speaker has very important duties, for he appoints all the committees.

### If the President Dies

The American Constitution provides not only for a president but for a vice-president, and if the president dies while holding office the vice-president becomes acting-president for the remainder of the four years. The vice-president is also Chairman of the Senate. One of the curious things about the Senate is that no limit is put on the length of speeches, and there is no power of bringing debate to an end. It is, therefore, a favourite method of opposing a Bill to go on talking to prevent its being passed. This used to be done in our own House of Commons, until for their own protection our governments obtained legislation conferring powers of bringing debates to a close.

Bills can be introduced into either the Senate or the House of

### How the Refugee

plastics, toys, specialty steels, industrial chemicals, and ply-wood.

It has been estimated that for every foreign worker and industrialist admitted into Canada ten Canadians have been given employment in these industries.

The Committee is trying to greet the newcomers with kindness and sympathy and to understand their problems. No effort is being spared to fit the refugee quickly into Canadian economic life, and to make him feel proud to belong to the British Empire.



President Roosevelt

Representatives, and they have to pass both before going to the President for his approval. As with us, however, Bills concerned with spending public money have to be first introduced into the lower House of Representatives.

Altogether, we see that the American system is very different from ours. We may go farther and say that there are no two nations governed in quite the same way. The fact is that government is not a simple business. It involves the management of affairs which touch very nearly the habits, the customs, the work, and the likes and dislikes of people who cannot be expected always to take the same view of what should be done.

### Complicated Systems

The most general criticism of both the British and the American systems is that they are too complicated and cumbersome. The American Constitution is written, and changes cannot be made in it without special voting by the States, which is very difficult to bring about. The British Constitution is unwritten, depending on the observance of time-honoured custom. It can, therefore, be altered more readily than the American system; but even so it is found difficult in practice to make effective changes.

We see that a president of the United States is in some respects a king. Our own constitutional monarch is really a president, although holding a hereditary office. The King does not initiate legislation, and his speeches to Parliament, unlike the President's messages to Congress, are written by his Ministers as the expression of the opinions of the Government. Thus the acts of the President are things for which he is personally responsible to the electors who chose him; he is a king representing the popular will.

In our country, on the other hand, the King is not responsible for the acts of his Ministers, and the Ministers are responsible to an elected Parliament who can call them to account if they do not do their duty. Thus it is true to say that the United States, though a republic, is ruled by a king, while our Motherland (and its Motherland), although a kingdom, has for its head a hereditary president.

## THE NAME ABOVE ALL OTHERS

JESUS CHRIST is the great name in history. There are others for whom men have died; He alone is adored by all people, in all nations, and in all times.

He who bears this name is known throughout the world. Even among the savage and degenerate tribes of the human race His apostles preach without ceasing that He died upon the cross; and the off-scourings of mankind may be saved by loving Him.

The greatest intellects of the past would be forgotten if memorials, as palaces, obelisks, or tombs; if written testimonies, as papyrus or parchments, bricks, columns, or medals, had not preserved their memory. Jesus survives in the conscience of the faithful: there is His witness and indestructible monument. Père Didon

### With All Thy Faults I Love Thee Still

ENGLAND, with all thy faults, I love thee still, My country, and while yet a nook is left Where English minds and manners may be found Shall be constrained to love thee...

Praise enough To fill the ambition of a private man That Chatham's language was his mother-tongue, And Wolfe's great name compatriot with his own. Cowper

### THE WAY THE RIVER GOES

TELL me, pretty river, Whence do thy waters flow? And whither art thou roaming, So smoothly and so slow?

My birthplace was the mountain, My nurse the April showers; My cradle was the fountain, O'er-curtained by wild flowers.

One morn I ran away, A madcap, noisy rill; And many a prank that day I played adown the hill!

And then 'mid meadow banks I flirted with the flowers, That stooped with glowing lips To woo me to their bowers.

But these bright scenes are o'er, And darkly flows my wave; I hear the ocean's roar, And there must be my grave.

### Heir of All and Friend of God

How sweet a thing is it as we go or ride, or eat or drink, or converse abroad, to remember that one is the heir of the whole world and the friend of God.

Thomas Traherne

### NIGHT AND DEATH

MYSTERIOUS night! when our first parent knew Thee from report divine, and heard thy name, Did he not tremble for this lovely frame, This glorious canopy of light and blue? Yet, neath a curtain of translucent dew, Bathed in the rays of the great setting flame, Hesperus with the host of heaven came, And lo! creation widened in man's view.

Who could have thought such darkness lay concealed Within thy beams, O sun! or who could find, Whilst flower and leaf and insect stood revealed, That to such countless orbs thou mad'st us blind! Why do we then shun Death with anxious strife? If Light can thus deceive, wherefore not Life! Blanco White



## America's Prayer for Her Motherland

This prayer was broadcast to the whole of the United States of America in the days when the result of the Presidential Election was still in doubt.

In the midst of the bitter agony of the world we cry to Thee for help.

We pray especially for our friends and kinsmen in Great Britain who are standing in the front line of the battle for freedom and justice and decency in the world.

We thank Thee for their grim, quiet courage as the sky rains destruction upon city and countryside. Wilt Thou sustain the men who defend them, and

the empire which supports them, and wilt Thou renew the strength of all the people?

May the men and women in all the world who love liberty and justice do everything in their power to reinforce and sustain those who are fighting a battle in which we all have a stake. May the Mother of Parliaments see the victory of parliamentary government; and the land of Magna Carta and the Bill of Rights see the rights of man vindicated and victorious; and may all peoples of every race and colour at last inherit and make their own that moral and spiritual freedom which is God's good gift to man.

## WHAT MIGHT BE DONE

WHAT might be done if men were wise, What glorious deeds, my suffering brother, Would they unite In love and right, And cease the scorn of one another.

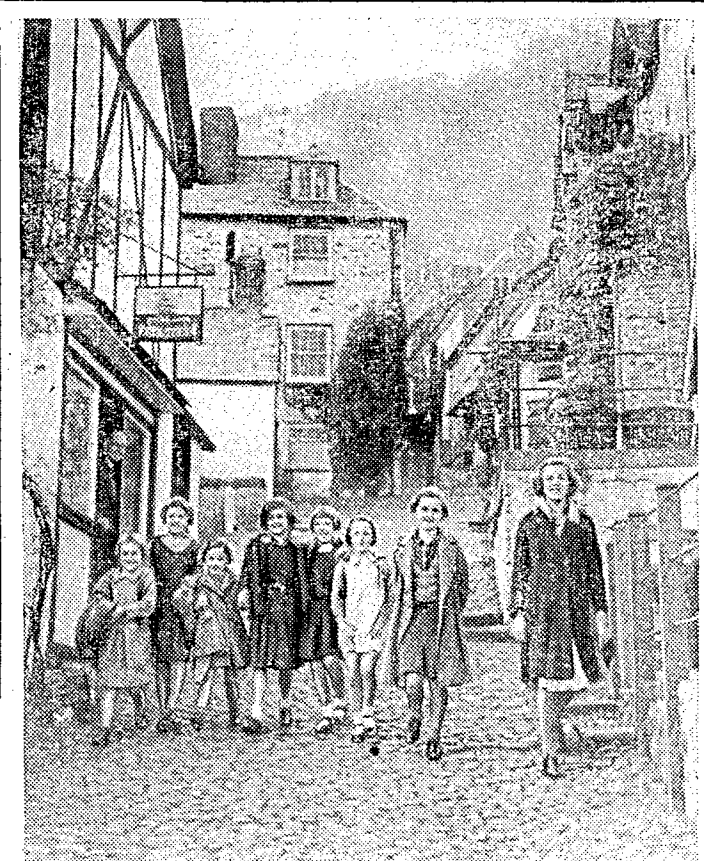
Oppression's heart might be imbued With purest drops of loving-kindness, And knowledge pour From shore to shore Light on the eyes of mental blindness.

All slavery, warfare, lies, and wrongs, All vice and crime might die together;

All wine and corn To each man born. Be free as warmth in summer weather.

The meanest wretch that ever trod, The deepest sunk in guilt and sorrow, Might stand erect In self-respect, And share the teeming world tomorrow.

What might be done? This might be done, And more than this, my suffering brother, More than the tongue E'er said or sung, If men were wise and loved each other. Charles Mackay



### A Change of Scene

Happy young Londoners who are now living in Clovelly, the little Devon village famous for its quaint beauty



# Cockney Kids

FROM A CORRESPONDENT IN KENT

A C.N. reader who has been helping with the evacuation of homeless people from Kent hopping-camps sends this description of an experience he had.

ONE wet, cold afternoon, when I was going from hut to hut taking down the names of families from a certain East End district, my attention was drawn to a small girl whose face was plastered with powder and paint. She was wearing a scarlet sash and a dress too long for her, and she carried a long white stick.

I asked her age. "Ten," she said, and added, "We are having a concert. The kids got fed up, because they've got nothing to do and no toys or anything, so I've got up a show."

I followed her to a hut at the end of one row. Inside, sitting on old boxes, oil-drums, and on the bare chalk floor, were twenty children of all ages from about one year to twelve. At the opposite end was the stage, marked off by a piece of rope. Nora, the ten-year-old, at once started the show going. Three

small girls tap-danced, another sang. A small boy played an old mouth-organ, and the whole party sang choruses. One little girl stumbled through a school-book recitation, and then Nora, sitting on a box, told an original story which introduced many characters unknown to me but quite evidently old favourites with the audience.

Outside the hut it was cold, wet, and muddy; inside, the audience sat with eyes wide open, forgetting for the moment that they were homeless and ill-clad. I came away with their picture deeply etched in my memory, and I can still see the golden-haired Nora, with her scarlet sash and her painted face, leaning forward as she told her dramatic little story.

It has been said that townsfolk have forgotten how to make their own amusements, but after this experience I refuse to believe it. No matter what difficulties there may be, "Cockney kids" will always come out on top.

## Lord Reith's Opportunity

LORD REITH, as we must now call him, tells us that he has not been charged with the task of planning the reconstruction of our land or of any part of it. His duty in this connection appears to be to consider and report on "methods and machinery for dealing with the issues involved."

But no one will complain if he interprets his mission liberally and helps us on the path of reconstruction.

The nation has to dream of what it wants before it can formulate plans. A plan is always a dream. The architect seeks with his definite lines to encompass the outlines of a fair vision. The engineer, working with him, sees new thoroughfares, great bridges, forming

vistas of a new city thronged with people rejoicing in a brave new world. We may envy the opportunity of the man who, although not charged with planning, must needs dream and plan.

Closely allied to reconstruction is the redistribution of industries and population. The war has shown us only too clearly the folly of the London concentration; but we must not have regard to war alone. In the best interests of society and hygiene we need a wiser distribution of work and workers. The electric grid enables us to avoid the crowding around coal mines and ports which marked the Industrial Revolution.

All this is surely matter for Lord Reith and his fine new Ministry of Works.

## The Lady of the Marshes

ON the coast of East Anglia, one of the loneliest and dreariest districts in the land, are soldiers who for days together never see a soul except the men of their unit. Here, where the marshes are bleak, the wind and fog hard to bear amid so much desolation, our men keep unbroken vigil. Their task is monotonous, but it is made a little easier by Mrs Nicholson.

She is the lady with the van. With the help of a gift of £100 from the Women's Voluntary Service, together with other sums given by kindly folk, she has been able to buy a motor vehicle.

Every day she drives 50 miles or more in 12 hours, and every day she sells hundreds of articles needed by soldiers stationed far from shops. Making scores of cups of tea is part of her daily round and common task. In 14 weeks Mrs Nicholson has driven 4000 miles about these fields and marshes, where she hardly ever meets anyone except a soldier, and within that period she sold 20,000 cups of tea and 37,000 cakes. Now that the colder weather is here she is making soup as well.

We do not wonder she is known as the Lady of the Marshes.

## From These Beginnings Came the Plane

WHAT wonders our airmen daily perform! Of their concerted efforts in our defence we read in the daily bulletins that tell us how our safety from aerial conquest is achieved; of individual efforts we know little until some new list of awards for skill and valour is issued. One of the latest of these awards records a marvellous performance, the D.F.C. to Flying-Officer Millen for a flight on an important mission in which he flew at 27,000 feet for 5 hours 55 minutes.

No other mechanical science ever progressed so rapidly as aviation.

It is but 34 years since Santos-Dumont made the first flight in a man-bearing heavier-than-air machine, in which he flew just under nine yards; it was two years later that Wilbur Wright flew 61 miles in his own 24 h.p. machine; and it was in 1909 that Louis Blériot flew across the English Channel in 37 minutes.

About 30 years ago Henry Farman reached a height of 82 feet, and men thought the aeroplane's top record had been attained and that the upper reaches of the air must ever be left to the balloons and the birds.

## MANNERS MAKETH MAN

### The Boy Talks With the Man

Boy. When we were speaking of Kindness you said it was the grandest thing in the world, but I read the other day that Manners Maketh the Man. What have a man's manners to do with kindness?

Man. We must first decide what we mean by manners. It is worth thinking about, for it is true that manners make the man. By manners we mean good behaviour, pleasant demeanour, kindly consideration of others. Emerson, the American poet, gave us a fine thing about manners when he said:

*Manners are the happy ways of doing things;*

*Each a stroke of genius or of love.*

A well-mannered person has happy ways; happy because they are kindly. So we see the intimate connection between kindness and polite behaviour.

Boy. May not a man be polite and gracious yet not really kind?

Man. Undoubtedly; but such a man does not possess the root of manners. He is one who wears his behaviour as a garment, or rather as a series of garments, to be changed to suit the occasion. You will find him gracious to one, overbearing to another. He fawns on the well-to-do and is ungracious to the poor. What he respects is not humanity but the position of the sample of humanity for whom he adjusts his address. Behaviour of that sort is not worth the name of manners; indeed it is beneath contempt.

Boy. So that unless a man is kind at heart he cannot possess manners and be a gentleman?

Man. That is the truth of it. A man or woman without kindness may be polished up to look like the true thing, but without the essential virtue the polish comes off as soon as it is tested by occasion.

Boy. But I suppose a true man is none the worse for being polished in his ways?

Man. Assuredly not, for if he has a proper desire to please himself while pleasing others he realises that courtesy is a charming expression of kindness. Manners, by pleasing those with whom we associate, surround us in life with an atmosphere of joy. Do you notice that we need no adjective when we speak of manners? We need not say good manners, for the implication of the word is that it means what is good.

## A GROWL

Our story of the farmer whose apples were not only bombed from his trees, but roasted ready for eating, has roused two of our readers to a growl of protest. "Fate has treated him with gross partiality," they say.

They have been doubly bombed, and doubly penalised. In their beautiful old garden were several trees rich with the loveliest pears, which reached perfection only in late autumn. Everything in the garden was lovely until, before the time came for the gathering of the fruit, down came a time-bomb in the grounds, causing the evacuation of the entire family.

The pears completed their growth and were a picture fair to see, affording promise of abundant dessert for winter. But a blast from another bomb brought every one of them to the ground, and there they had to lie undisturbed, for no one was allowed to enter the garden lest the time-bomb should explode. Birds, mud, and insects did the rest, and not one pear did the owners have for themselves. "Yet that fellow up North had all his apples—and roasted at that," they complain.

## False History in a New Film

OUR old country is standing well with the world in these days, and we need not sing her praises; but there is no need why at this time of all times we should rob her of her rightful fame.

Thousands of people are going to see a film on Edison which ought never to have been produced, for it is one more example of the reckless way in which films are made to misrepresent the truth of history. The high light of the film is the incandescent lamp, the carbon filament electric lamp, which is credited to Edison, although all the world knows that it was the invention of an Englishman, Sir Joseph Wilson Swan.

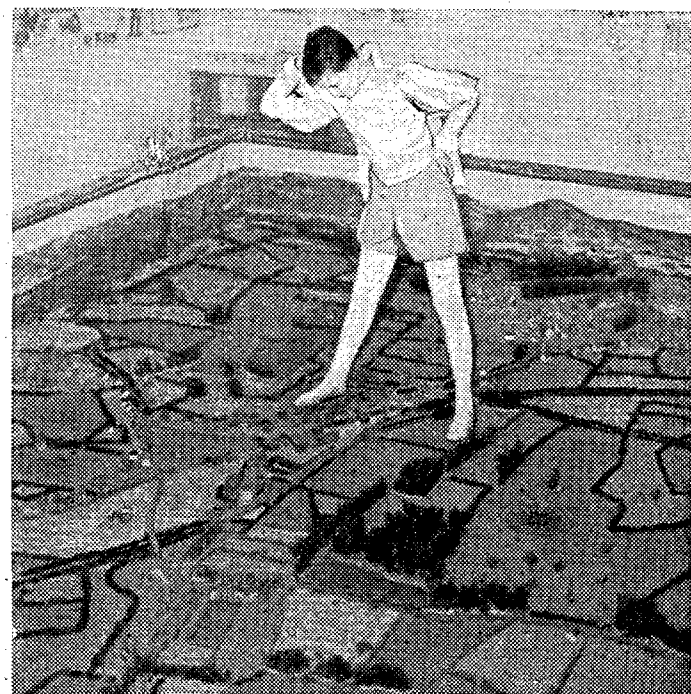
It is not the first time that this invention has been claimed for Edison, whose fame is surely enough to do without any sham claims. As a matter of fact the beacon light for aeroplanes on the top of the Edison Memorial Tower in New Jersey takes the form of an incandescent lamp

bulb, so proclaiming the falsehood to the world.

The facts are that Edison sent a sketch of an incandescent lamp to the glass works in 1879, but Joseph Swan had exhibited his lamp in Newcastle the year before, and Edison was only following in his train. When Detroit held jubilee rejoicings in celebration of Edison's lamp, the electrical engineers of this country were invited to take part in it, but they refused because it was not possible for them to congratulate Edison on inventing Swan's lamp.

It is a thousand pities that it should be possible for these false claims to be spread far and wide among our people, and it would be well if it could be explained at the beginning of this film that the great Edison is here credited with inventing the lamp, but the truth is that it is only a film story, and that the real credit belongs to that noble Englishman Sir Joseph Swan.

## A Modern Gulliver



Boys from Loxford Central School, Ilford, who are now at Elmbridge Camp School, Cranleigh, have made a model of the village and have given a pageant of the village history. Here is one of the players in the pageant inspecting the model.

## The Swallow of Woodville

The workers at the Holden motor-car factory at Woodville, Australia, have been admiring the ingenuity of a swallow which makes its nest on their building each year.

This season their visitor, instead of constructing its nest of mud, has used two materials from the factory itself—felt, and a rubber adhesive called gooligum which welds the felt strips together. Having chosen a site on a cold-water pipe from which a smaller pipe runs at right-angles, the swallow carried up small pieces of felt and gooligum and welded the two together with its claws and beak until it had built a nest very much cosier than any it had known before, and firmly attached to the two pipes.

The nest is on the Trim Fabricating Building of this big factory, and it seems to us that the swallow has justified the name.

## THOSE BATTERIES

A torch battery may seem a trifle, but it is no small thing to the citizen compelled during these long nights to creep about in darkened houses and streets.

Why, then, should the Government again have allowed the supply of so great a necessity to run out? It is the small number 8 size which is within the means of the masses. Is it beneath the notice of our manufacturers because it is cheap? We are promised that imports are to be allowed, but why should imports be needed of such a simple and easily-made article?

We are bound to add that the Board of Trade is justified in warning the public not to waste batteries. Since the intensified air-raids began torches have been very freely used indoors, and the practice has grown of leaving them alight all night. Even a large battery which might last with careful use for months would not keep going for many hours under such conditions.



## A LAKELAND VIEW SAVED

Yet another Lakeland view has been saved from thoughtless builders; and we feel that the thousands who have seen this corner of England in all its autumn splendour will be glad that another part of Windermere is safe.

It is about a mile of wooded country in front of Brathay Hall. Here is the shore of the lake, with the fir-clad hills and Brathay Rocks behind. Had buildings been erected here the superb view from the east side of Windermere, looking over the north-west head of the lake, for ever guarded by the Langdales, would have been marred. Thanks to the efforts of Mr and Mrs Francis Scott, of Matson Ground, this portion of the lakeside cannot now be spoilt. By acquiring Brathay Hall estate, and arranging for restrictive covenants, they have preserved this beauty for the nation.

## The Boys Are Splendid

The 200,000 boys between 14 and 18 belonging to 1500 Boys' clubs are all doing something to help the old country now. We hear of one club which is growing medicinal herbs, and of another in an East End area which acts as roof spotters for incendiary bombs. The Association of Boys' Clubs has taken a house in Hampshire to which boys bombed in London, Portsmouth, and Southampton may go for a rest.

# The Boy Who Bridged Niagara

FAMILIAR bridges now span the Niagara River above and below the Falls, but at one time there was no way of crossing except by boat.

Early last century engineering was not in a very advanced state, but the people were enterprising enough to want a bridge and fertile enough in ideas to think out a way of making one.

First they bridged the river above the Falls between the American shore and Goat Island, where the Canadian Falls are divided from the American. That was in 1817, and in that winter, when the ice came down from Lake Erie in masses, the piers were smashed and the structure was carried whirling away over the Falls. The Americans were mortified to see the result of months of labour thus swept away in an hour, but they set about making another bridge, and this lasted till 1855, when it was replaced by an iron structure.

The method of building these early bridges, without any adequate engineering appliances, was ingenious and daring. Two trees about eighty feet high were felled and hewn square so as to form a pair of flat

beams. A level platform of timber was built on the river bank, and the two great logs were laid on this, parallel to one another, about eight feet apart. Their ends pointed toward the river, and by means of rollers they were pushed out till they projected far over the water, the opposite ends weighted with stones to keep the beams from overbalancing.

A man then walked out to the end of each beam and took a long staff tipped with a sharp iron point, and with these staffs the men prodded among the rocks at the bottom of the river until they found suitable crevices into which to drive the points.

With the staffs driven home firmly, the ends of the beams were tightly lashed to them, and planks were laid across the beams. In this way a platform was made along which stones could be dragged and placed in the river round the staves and under the ends of the beams until these rested on rough stonework piers. Another span of the bridge was then built in the same way, and so span after span was added until the distance was bridged. But the people were not yet

satisfied. They wanted a bridge across the river below the Falls, where the water rushes on in a swirling mass between towering walls of forbidding rock. This thrilling achievement was made possible by a boy whose name has been forgotten, tempted by an offer of five dollars to the first boy who could get a string across the river. The banks were crowded with boys flying kites, and one boy got his kite across.

A stouter string was joined to the cord of the kite and drawn over; then a stouter cord, and next a rope; and at last a strong wire cable was stretched across and fastened on each shore. On this was suspended a strong wire basket in which two people could sit, and the basket, attached to an endless rope worked by a windlass on each bank, was drawn backward and forward across the gap.

The first Niagara bridge below the Falls was an accomplished fact, and in the presence of a great gathering of people the bridge was inaugurated and the first passengers crossed. It was a great triumph for the man who offered the five dollars, but we hope the boy with the kite was there too.

## A TRIUMPH OF PEACE

Water is now flowing from Arizona into Southern California through the wonderful All-American Canal. Soon some 500,000 acres of desert will be green with fertility.

And what a triumph it is, this waterway! It is 80 miles long, 200 feet wide, and 22 feet deep, whereas our Manchester Ship Canal is 35 miles long, 120 feet wide, and 26 feet deep.

Those politicians who make wars delight in obstructing the engineer in his mission of peace. The All-American Canal took four years to construct, but it took American politicians 13 years to let the engineers get to work.

## The Canon is Anxious

Amid all the bombs falling on London is Canon John Wyld, a trifle anxious. He is not anxious on account of air-raids, for he goes to bed whether there is an Alert or not, and a few days ago he shaved ten minutes after a bomb had fallen close to his home.

Still, the canon is anxious, for he hopes to be spared another five months so that he may reach his hundredth birthday.

Friends have begged him to leave London, but this he stubbornly refuses to do, for he has lived 52 years in Yorkshire as Vicar of Leeds, and there is no daunting his spirit.

## Many Children are Happy

because their plight became known to the National Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children. More than 100,000 are rescued annually from all forms of ill-treatment and neglect.

Today the Society is bringing long experience to help smooth out difficulties of War-time child welfare.

Will you help this National Service to ensure a happy childhood for our future citizens?

**Do please send a Christmas Gift for unhappy children to**

Sir G. W. Truscott, Bt., Hon. Treasurer,  
- N.S.P.C.C.,



Victory House, Leicester Square,  
London, W.C.2.

## Let Us Think on These Things

A HAPPY Christmas to all our children—everywhere! Happiness and hope to those who are far from home and from the familiar fireside faces when evening brings the Christmas Tree and all the gay little surprises that never fail this day of days.

Good cheer to those who have found refuge with the unknown kindly souls who have taken them to their hearts and homes in places that are often far away. This Christmas more than any

other a deep affection more eloquent than the wireless is being broadcast round the world.

BUT what of those who are none the less our children, though not clasped to us within our real or invisible arms of tenderness and affection—the orphans, the waifs and strays, those who have no firelit homes of their own, the sick, the afflicted, the blind, and, alas! the children for whom it seems that nobody cares? How are we to wish them a Happy Christmas, or how to throw a gleam of hope into their lives? Surely this is a Christmas above all when our hearts open within us to see it done!

It must be done. It can be done. There are good, capable people among us resolute to see that it is done, and asking only our help to see that their efforts shall not fail. We are reminded again of the story of the two people who passed on the road a ragged, hungry tramp. One of them said, "I do feel for that poor fellow"; and the other replied, "Well, why don't you feel in your pocket?" So let us feel in our pocket for the

Invalid Children's Aid Association, many of whose fathers are serving in the Forces; for the Field Lane Institution, which provides coal and food for those in the deepest poverty, and for the South London Mission. Nor should we forget the Deaf and Dumb Association, the Little Folks Home, the N.S.P.C.C., and the Church Army.

WE are all saving for Victory. Let us spare a trifle of our savings for these.

## CHRISTMAS 1940!

Though the darkness of war shadows our land, the light of Christmas will still shine, and we shall keep the festival as best we may.

The Church Army is making plans to carry Christmas cheer to the poor, the needy, the aged, the air-raid victims, the men and women of the Services, for all look forward to Christmas.

Your gift, made at some considerable personal sacrifice perhaps, will help us to carry out our plans. Please send all you possibly can. It will mean so much to those who have so little.

★ £5 will provide ten Christmas Parcels for poor families.

★ £10 will give "My Own Christmas Treat" to 120 old people for children.

★ £5 will provide a Christmas Gift (chocolate, cigarettes, etc.) for 75 men of H.M. Forces on guard in lonely parts.

Please send your cheque, etc., to  
Preb. Carlile, C.H., D.D., Church Army,  
55, Bryanston Street, W.1.

## THE LITTLE FOLKS HOME

BEXHILL-ON-SEA  
(Branch of the Queen's Hospital for Children, London, E.2.)

is continuing its good work at  
**Brackendene, Woking, Surrey**

(The Gift of its Chairman,  
Mr. THOMAS YOUNG.)

East London's greatest children's hospital has continued to provide every facility for the treatment of the large number of children resident in its area. The Home is an essential branch of its work and needs immediate and generous support.

**PLEASE SEND YOUR GIFT TO THE SECRETARY**

at the Hospital or the Home.

## This Christmas!

For twenty-six unbroken years I have been privileged to bring Father Christmas to the Children and the Poor of South London. Again, this Christmas, the South London Mission's programme for the Shelters and Homes includes:



**Christmas Trees and Stockings for the Children!**  
**Christmas Dinners and Parties for the Poor!**  
**Coal, Blankets, and Boots for those in need.**

In His Name, Who was born in a Shelter in Bethlehem, I again appeal for YOUR CHRISTMAS GIFT! PLEASE HELP US to take GOOD CHEER to His Poor and to carry on our day and night work of compassion among the Homeless and Suffering ones in pitiful, brave-hearted South London.

**THANK YOU!**  
**REV. WALTER SPENCER**  
4, Central Hall Buildings, Tower Bridge Road, London, S.E.1.

## Invalid Children's Aid Association

(Founded 1888)

Patron - H.M. Queen Mary

★

## PLEASE HELP

our Invalid Children and those suffering from air-raid conditions by sending a donation to the  
Hon. Treasurer, I.C.A.A.,  
10, Montagu Street, W.1.

## THIS CHRISTMAS

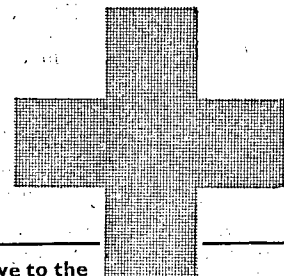
Please help us to provide:-

1. Food, clothing, blankets and coal for those in dire need. (Many of our people have lost their all through German bombs.)
2. The usual Christmas Day Dinner in the Institution to hundreds of destitute men and women—people who are really down-and-out.
3. Gifts to evacuated poor children separated from their mothers.

WILLIAM WILKES, Secretary.

## FIELD LANE INSTITUTION

Vine Hill, Clerkenwell Road, London, E.C.1.



Give to the  
**DUKE OF GLOUCESTER'S RED CROSS**  
**AND ST. JOHN FUND**  
St. James's Palace, S.W.1.

## CENTENARY FOR 100 YEARS

in peace and war, in good times, and bad,

**the ROYAL ASSOCIATION**

in aid of the **DEAF & DUMB** has been working for the social, spiritual and material welfare of the Deaf and Dumb, whose handicap is lifelong. There are more than 6,000 Deaf and Dumb within its borders—London, Middlesex, Surrey and Essex.

Please help the Deaf and Dumb by sending a Christmas Gift to the Secretary, R.A.D.D., 413, Oxford Street, London, W.1.



# THE BRAN TUB



December's frost and January's flood  
Never boded the husbandman's good

## A GIFT

AN artist was showing his friend round an art gallery.  
"Your pictures are wonderful," said the friend. "And to think that you never had a lesson in painting! Art is a gift with you."  
"I suppose it is," replied the artist gloomily. "Nobody will buy it."

## Ohphor!

SAID a brisk and industrious gopher, "This old prairie's no place for a loapher, So I'll bustle around And dig holes underground— Work is better than naps on a sopher!"

## A Nourishing Diet

DURING a natural history examination a small boy was asked which of all the creatures eats less food than any other.  
He replied that it was the moth, because it eats holes.

## FIGURE IT OUT

ASTRONOMY is 1 derful,  
And interesting 2;  
The ear 3 volves around the sun,  
Which makes a year 4 you.  
The moon is dead and calm  
By law of phy 6 great;  
It 7 where the stars alive  
Do nightly scintill 8.

If watchful Providence be 9  
With good in 10 tions fraught  
Do not keep up its grand design  
We soon should come to 0.

Astronomy is 1 derful,  
But it's 2 80 4  
1 man 2 grasp, and that is why  
I'd better say no more.

## Arithmetical Problem

THE manager of a bank gave instructions for a thousand £1 notes to be divided up into ten sealed packages so that any sum from £1 to £1000 could be paid without opening any one of the packages.  
How was this done?

Answer next week

## A BLANK RECORD

To avenge an insult from the Duke of Epernon, Banton published, under the title *The Brave Deeds of the Duke of Epernon*, a book whose pages were all blank.

## How Van Dyck Wrote His Name

ANTHONY VAN DYCK was a Fleming, but he spent so much of his time in England that we think of him almost as an English painter. A pupil of the great Rubens at Antwerp, he became Court painter to our Charles the First, and was knighted, and many of his beautiful and dignified portraits are in England. He died on December 9, 1641, in London. This is how he wrote his name:

*Ant. van Dyck*

## Beheaded Word

WHEN dressed I off the table grace  
At dinner-time—the head's my place;  
With knife in hand cut off my head,  
Then I'm just what you do with bread.  
Again behead—if not too glaring—  
Pray let me ask: What are you staring?

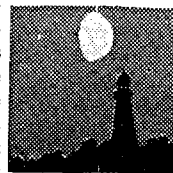
Answer next week

## SOUND SLEEPERS

THE engine's started, and, sure enough,  
The usual echo, chuff, chuff, chuff,  
Is filling our ears—now muffled,  
now roaring.  
It must be the sleepers we travel on, snoring!

## Other Worlds Next Week

IN the morning the planet Venus is in the south-east, and Mercury and Mars are low in the south-east. The picture shows the Moon as it may be seen at 8.30 on Sunday evening, December 8.

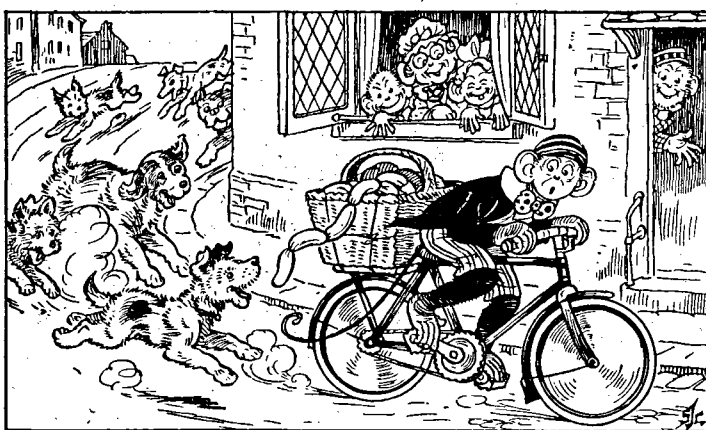


## A Distant Relation?

A LADY said to her friend as they were walking along the street, "Who was that young man who raised his hat to you just now as he passed in a motor-car?"  
"Oh, I thought you knew him!" was her reply. "That gentleman's mother was my mother's only daughter."  
Who was he?

Answer next week

## Jacko's Kind Heart



THE man at the sausage counter looked terribly worried. "Where was that rascally errand boy?" "I'll run those orders along for you," offered Jacko. "I can nip round on my bicycle in no time." And so he did. But unfortunately he was a bit too quick. The sausages bounced out of the basket as he tore along, and the dogs of the neighbourhood had the time of their lives chasing Jacko and his tempting load.

## Ici on Parle Français

### Telephone Calls

When do people use the telephone most? A chart was made in New York City recording the amount of business handled. All night, till four in the morning, the calls are negligible. By six the curve sweeps upward, reaching the highest peak for the day at nine-thirty. Between eleven-thirty and twelve-thirty it falls; at twelve-thirty is the lowest level of the business day. Most calls in the afternoon are made at one-thirty.

### Les Appels au Téléphone

À quel moment de la journée se sert-on le plus du téléphone? On a préparé à New-York une carte enregistrant le montant des affaires faites. Pendant toute la nuit, jusqu'à quatre heures du matin, le chiffre des appels est presque nul. Vers six heures la courbe s'élève, atteignant le maximum de la journée à neuf heures et demie. Entre onze heures et demie et midi et demi elle baisse; à midi et demi c'est le niveau le plus bas de la journée de travail. La plupart des appels de l'après-midi se font à une heure et demie.

## DO YOU LIVE AT STAFFORD?

THE meaning of this place-name is the ford which needs a staff, probably because the water at the place of crossing on the River Sow, where the county town stands, was deep, or the current was strong.

## THE TEASE

OUR schoolroom clock is such a tease,  
For clocks can tease, I've often found.  
It never, never tries to please,  
But plans out tricks as it goes round.  
For always when I've sums to do  
It tries its hardest to be slow,  
Because I've watched, and noticed too,  
That then it scarcely seems to go!  
But when I'm having heaps of fun,  
And do not want to go to bed,  
It doesn't creep as it has done;  
Its hands go racing round instead!

## A Catch Question

"How many fish have you caught, sonny?" asked a gentleman who saw a little boy fishing by the side of a stream.  
"Well, sir," answered the boy, "when I've caught another I shall have one."

## The Mighty Deep

BEHOLD the wonders of the mighty deep,  
Where crabs and lobsters learn to creep,  
And little fishes learn to swim,  
And clumsy sailors tumble in.

## LAST WEEK'S ANSWERS

### Arithmetical Puzzle

Ten were going at ninepence a head, which would have been 7s 6d; instead, twelve went at eightpence, making 8s.

R	A	C	E	R	U	S	H
I	A	L	L	O	T	E	
D	U	P	L	I	C	A	T
E	N	E	B	H	I	D	
C	A	R	T				
A	L	A	A	S	H	E	
S	E	P	A	R	A	T	E
I	S	T	Y	L	E		
A	L	E	E				

### Charade

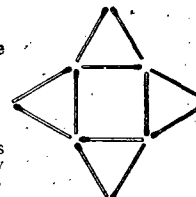
Work-shop

### Puzzle in Rhyme

Less-on

### Peter Puck's Fun Fair

The two boys who are exactly alike are 2 and 4.



## BEDTIME CORNER

### He Broke His Word

Here is a tale told to boys and girls in the Congo country of Central Africa. We came across it in an excellent little book called *Africa*, published by the Edinburgh House Press, and we wish any Nazi could have time to read it, for it shows what happens to people who do not keep their word.

GAZELLE being very hungry went in search of something to eat. He saw a large cluster of palm nuts in the top of a palm tree, but he could not climb the tree because of his flat hoofs. So he went to Palm-Rat and said, "I have found some fine big palm nuts, but I cannot climb the tree. Will you run up and get them, and I will share them with you?"

Palm-Rat agreed, and, planting his sharp claws in the soft bark of the palm, he was soon at the top. But, instead of bringing down the ripe nuts as he had promised, he sat up in the tree and began eating them himself.

After a while Gazelle called up, "Friend Palm-Rat, bring me down some nuts; I'm hungry."

"Sorry," answered Palm-Rat. "When I'm eating I'm deaf and I cannot hear what you say."

Gazelle waited a while and then called again, "Could you just throw down a few nuts, friend Palm-Rat? I'm so hungry!"

But Palm-Rat pretended not to hear and went on eating.

Then Gazelle went into the jungle and gathered dry twigs and leaves and made a big fire at the foot of the palm tree.

"Put out the fire, friend Gazelle," called Palm-Rat, "the smoke is choking me."

"When I am warming myself," answered Gazelle, "I am deaf and I cannot hear what you say."

Again and again Palm-Rat called out, but it was of no use, and at last he fell from the top of the tree right into the fire.

Gazelle ate him up, then returned to the village and took possession of Palm-Rat's house and all his goods and became very rich.

**MARIE ELISABETH**

**REALLY ARE SARDINES!**

Are imitated but never equalled.

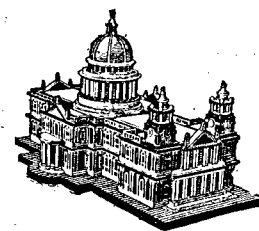
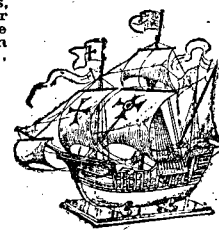
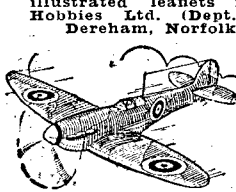
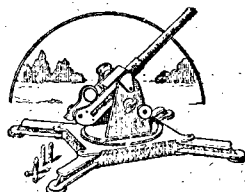
## Make them all with one of

# HOBBIES

## BRITISH FRETWORK OUTFITS

Any set forms an ideal Xmas present. From 2/3 to 28/6. The A1 at 14/6 is the most popular.

At all leading Stores, Ironmongers, Toyshops or Hobbies Branches. Free illustrated leaflets from Hobbies Ltd. (Dept. 9), Dereham, Norfolk.



The tool sets are complete and can be used by anyone to make models, boxes, trays, clocks, toys, puzzles—all in wood from full-size patterns provided. A simple and fascinating hobby.